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THE

TICHBORNE ROMANCE:

A FULL AND ACCURATE REPORT

OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE EXTRAORDINARY AND INTERESTING TRIAL

OF

TICHBORNE v. LUSHINGTON,

FOR FORTY DAYS,

FROM WEDNESDAY, MAY 10,

TO FRIDAY, JULY 7.

INCLUDING THE CLAIMANT'S EXAMINATION,

CROSS-EXAMINATION, AND RE-EXAMINATION.

THE CLAIMANT.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL & CO., LONDON.)

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SUMMARY.

DATE.	COURT.	PROCEEDINGS.	PAGE
1..Wednesday, May 10..	Common Pleas	....The commencement of the trial delayed through the non-attendance of sufficient jurymen....	5
2..Thursday, May 11....	Common Pleas	....Opening address of Mr. Serjeant Ballantine commenced	7
3..Friday, May 12	Common Pleas	....Opening address of Mr. Serjeant Ballantine continued and concluded. Evidence of Mr. J. F. Adams, Mr. E. Oram, Mr. J. Stephens, and the Rev. H. Hubbard	18
4..Monday, May 15	Common Pleas	....Evidence of J. M'Cann and Mr. J. G. Dobinson..	31
5..Tuesday, May 16 ...	Queen's Bench	....Evidence of Col. Norbury and Major Heywood..	47
6..Wednesday, May 17 ..	Queen's Bench	....Evidence of Major-General Custance, Captain Sherstone, Sergeant Quinn, and W. Fry	57
7..Thursday, May 18....	Queen's Bench	....Evidence of Mrs. Sherstone, Col. Sawyer, John Moore, and Mr. J. Greenwood.....	66
8..Friday, May 19	Queen's Bench	....Evidence of Mr. W. J. Greenwood, Mr. A. J. W. Biddulph, Miss Braine, and Mr. J. W. Scott..	75
9..Monday, May 22.....	Sessions House	....Evidence of George Allen, T. Carter, Sergeant Moody, and Sergeant Dunn	85
10..Tuesday, May 23.....	Sessions House	... Evidence of J. Lessware, Ann Lessware, Thos. Murston, William Gould, Maria Gould, and Martha Legg	91
11..Thursday, May 25....	Sessions House	....Evidence of T. Carter (resumed from May 22)..	100
12..Friday, May 26	Sessions House	....Evidence of the Rev. E. Guy, the Rev. Ralph Cooper, and Sir Frederick Constable	110
13..Monday, May 29.....	Sessions House	....Evidence of Mr. Lipscombe and Thomas Cole..	117
14..Tuesday, May 30	Sessions House	....Evidence of Mr. J. F. P. Marx and examination of the Claimant commenced.....	127
15..Wednesday, May 31..	Sessions House	....The Claimant's examination continued.....	134
16..Thursday, June 1....	Sessions House	....The Claimant's examination continued.....	138
17..Friday, June 2	Sessions House	....The Claimant's examination continued and concluded and cross-examination commenced ..	147
18..Monday, June 5	Sessions House	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	161
19..Tuesday, June 6 ...	Sessions House	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	171
20..Thursday, June 8....	Sessions House	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	177
21..Monday, June 12	Sessions House	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	185
22..Tuesday, June 13	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	196
23..Wednesday, June 14..	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	207
24..Thursday, June 15 ..	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	219
25..Friday, June 16.....	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	232
26..Monday, June 19	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	246
27..Tuesday, June 20	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	257
28..Wednesday, June 21..	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	270
29..Thursday, June 22....	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	281
30..Friday, June 23.....	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	292
31..Monday, June 26 ..	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	304
32..Tuesday, June 27	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	316
33..Wednesday, June 28..	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	328
34..Thursday, June 29....	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	345
35..Friday, June 30.....	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	357
36..Monday, July 3	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	370
37..Tuesday, July 4	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	384
38..Wednesday, July 5....	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued ..	398
39..Thursday, July 6	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's cross-examination continued and concluded, and re-examination commenced	412
40..Friday, July 7.....	Queen's Bench	....The Claimant's re-examination continued and concluded.....	423

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[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

THOMAS WALKER OF THE "ORIGINAL."

THE father of this Lancashire Worthy was himself, in his day and generation, a man of considerable local note. When, in 1784, the young William Pitt, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had to find ways and means to defray the remaining liabilities of the American war, ended the year before, he laid additional duties "on all stuffs made of cotton and linen mixed, or wholly of cotton wool, and on licences for bleaching or dyeing them." The new imposts provoked strenuous resistance in Lancashire and in Lanarkshire. Thomas Walker the elder, and a certain Thomas Richardson, being "two of the principal merchants of Manchester," were sent to London to protest against the "Fustian Tax," as it was called. Their representations, backed as they were by petitions from all the manufacturing towns, and supported by the powerful interest of the Duke of Bridgewater, proved so effectual that the obnoxious tax was repealed on the motion of Mr. Pitt, supported by Mr. Fox, the two great political rivals being doubtless equally anxious to conciliate the rising cotton interest. "The joy excited by this triumph of sound policy was manifested in a splendid public procession in honour of the delegates, on their return to Manchester, to each of whom was presented a superb cup and stand, bearing an inscription expressive of the feelings of gratitude entertained towards them by their fellow-citizens." It was about this time, seemingly, and at or near Manchester, that the author of *The Original* was born. Five years later, his father received the highest honour that could be conferred on a Manchester man as such. At that time Manchester was neither a corporate town nor represented in the House of Commons. The chief civic officer was the boroughreeve, a sort of mayor without a council, who was appointed annually. In 1790, the office of boroughreeve of Manchester was filled by Thomas Walker.

The boroughreeve of 1790 was a Whig with capabilities of development. He presided at the sumptuous public entertainment with which the Manchester Whigs celebrated the first centenary of the glorious revolution of 1688. On the 5th of November, 1788, one hundred and thirty of the principal gentlemen of the town sat down to dinner, after the anniversary of the landing of King William had been otherwise duly commemorated by "the ringing of bells and the firing of the military in St. Anne's Square." The night before, "a ball and supper were given at the Assembly Rooms, on which occasion the ladies displayed orange-coloured ribbons." But questions soon arose, and startling political events soon occurred, which split up the Whigs who had been unanimous in their devotion to the glorious memory. On the 8th of May in the year following the first centenary of the arrival of William III. in these islands (a few days after that meeting of the States-General at Versailles with which the French Revolution began), there was a debate in the House of Commons on the Test and Corporation Acts, the motion for a repeal of which was rejected, on a division, by a majority of only twenty. The cry of the Church in danger was raised in Manchester as elsewhere, and the Whig Churchman could no longer fraternize with the Whig Dissenter. In Manchester was formed a "Church and King Club," the members of which displayed on their buttons an engraving of the Old Church. In opposition to this club, Thomas Walker and his friends founded the Constitutional Society, the sole original object of which was to support the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. But as the French Revolution proceeded, political controversies aggravated and indeed absorbed the ecclesiastical quarrel between the two Manchester societies. In the May of 1792, the Constitutional Society called for a reform of Parliament. Before the year was out, the first French Republic had been proclaimed and the Reign of Terror had begun. Manchester was by this time thoroughly Tory. In most of the taverns of the town, boards were suspended bearing the inscription, "No Jacobins admitted here." War with France was imminent. A day meeting was held in Manchester on the 11th of December to excite the inhabitants against the French Republic, and to support the anti-Gallican policy of the Government. At night the Church and King mob attacked the houses of several leading Manchester "Liberals," and among them the warehouse of Thomas Walker. Walker was prepared and had firearms ready, with which he fired over the heads of the mob. The assailants retired, and in the morning renewed the attack, which he seems to have repelled with nothing harder than oral expostulation. Walker was now a marked man, on whom spies and informers had their eyes. It was not, however, until the April of 1794 that the authorities could collect evidence on which plausibly to arraign him, and then he and several others were tried at Lancaster on a conspiracy to overthrow the Government. The principal witness for the Crown was a man of the name of Dunn, who swore that he had heard treasonable expressions used at meetings of the Constitutional Society, and that he had seen men at drill in Walker's warehouse. The prosecution was conducted by Law (afterwards Lord Ellenborough), as Attorney-General for the county palatine; Walker was defended by Erskine. It was easily proved that there was not a word of truth in Dunn's evidence. Law threw up the case, the judge remarking that Mr. Attorney "acted very properly;" and Dunn was committed and afterwards condemned on a charge of perjury. Within eight years from the time of the "splendid public procession" and the presentation of the "superb cup and stand" to the successful opponent of the Fustian Tax, Thomas Walker had learned something of the vicissitudes of public and of private opinion.

The lesson was not thrown away upon the author of *The Original*, whose writings, though seldom or never professedly political, do not breathe in the very least the spirit of the Manchester Constitutional Society. He was, according to his own account, a sickly child, brought up on that account at home, and never entrusted to a public school. He was sent, however, in due time, to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree, and in 1812 he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple. Continual ill health fixed his attention greatly on himself, a circumstance which afterwards contributed considerably to the amusement of the readers of *The Original*. "One day," he told them, "when I had shut myself up in the country, and was reading with great attention Cicero's treatise, *De Oratore*, some passage, I quite forget what, suggested to me the expediehcy of making the improvement of my health my study. I rose from my book, stood bolt upright, and determined to be well. In pursuance of my resolution, I tried many extremes, was guilty of many absurdities, and committed many errors, amidst the remonstrances and ridicule of those around me. I persevered, nevertheless, and it is now I believe full sixteen years since I have had any medical advice or taken anything by way of medicine." The first glimpse which we have of this odd Lancashire man in practical life is in a pamphlet which he published in 1826, "Observations on the nature, extent, and effects of pauperism, and on the means of remedying it." Why, or in what capacity, he was then residing at Stretford, does not appear, as little how it came about that his attention was directed to the working of the Old poor law. But he determined to experiment upon the pauperism of Stretford, and in accordance with views which he seems to have embraced very early in life—views which he was never wearied of enforcing. Poor-laws he held in abhorrence. Pauperism Walker believed to be, in nine cases out of ten, the result of the pauper's own misconduct, fostered by a legal provision for his support, while the tenth case ought to be dealt with by private charity. Stretford was then, "a district partly manufacturing but principally agricultural, and containing about 2,000 acres of land, and as many inhabitants." According to his own account, Walker found the paupers of Stretford banded together to extort as much as they could from the rates, and practising "all sorts of tricks and impositions for that purpose." He, however, seems to have been too much for them. He procured the adoption "of somewhat the same plan as Mr. Sturges Bourne's Select Vestry, not then legalized," and began openly a reform by refusing to admit families to the workhouses. The paupers tried to outwit him and to weary him out, but in vain. "I spent

almost my whole time," he says, "for some months, in visiting the labouring classes—in making myself master of their habits, in explaining to them the causes of their distress, and *in enforcing, as occasions arose, the doctrines of Mr. Malthus*, which I took care to put in the most familiar and pointed manner I was able." By degrees he ingratiated himself with the poor of Stretford, who came to look upon him not as a foe, but as a friend and adviser. They learned to depend more on themselves; the league of paupers was broken up, and in three years the amount of money paid to the poor of the district in outdoor relief had sunk from £800 to £350. As to indoor relief, when Walker ceased from his labours as an amateur poor-law guardian, the number of inmates of the Stretford workhouse was reduced to eight; "viz., six aged persons and two young women,—one of the latter half idiotic and the other labouring under severe disease. Three of the old men broke stones for the roads, and the idiotic girl maintained herself. In fact, a workhouse was become quite unnecessary." When he left, grateful Stretford presented him with a testimonial, and when, ten years afterwards, he paid the township a casual visit, he found the impulse which he had given still so successfully active that, whereas in 1817 the monthly payments to regular poor had been £68, they were in 1828 only £13, in spite of the growth of population.

In 1829, after having published another pamphlet on his favourite subject of pauperism. Walker was appointed a stipendary magistrate in Whitechapel, then, as now, one of the poorest districts of the great metropolis. He became afterwards one of the magistrates of the Lambeth police office, the post which he filled until his death. In both offices he had ample opportunities for revising his rigid view of the impolicy of a poor law, but he remained faithful to it until the end of his days, which, be it remembered, were those of the Old not of the New Poor Law. Nothing more than that he was a "worthy magistrate" would have been known of him to the general public, had he not, in the year 1835, determined on the un-magisterial proceeding of starting a weekly periodical. On May 20, 1835, appeared No. 1 of "*The Original*, by Thomas Walker, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law, and one of the Police Magistrates of the Metropolis; published every Wednesday, at 12 o'clock; price 3d." Walker was his own proprietor, his own editor, his own contributor, and much of *The Original* was devoted to himself. Papers on "The Art of Health," as exemplified by his own experience, on "The Art of Dining," similarly illustrated, extracts from his diaries of foreign travel; and an occasional criticism, literary or dramatic, constituted the lighter portions of the fare which he offered weekly to his readers. The *pièces de résistance* consisted of disquisitions on local self-government, and on those, to him, inexhaustible and ever-interesting themes, pauperism and the poor law. The little sheets seem to have taken amazingly, from the writer's good sense, knowledge of man and of the world, as well as pleasant and gossipping egotism. It was impossible not to court the further acquaintance of a writer upon *hygiène*, who was able to report that by care he had brought himself into such a condition of glowing health that he could not look dirty if he tried: "By way of experiment," he confided to his readers, "I did not wash my face for a week, nor did anyone see, nor I feel any difference." The papers on the art of dining are full of racy instruction as well as of the most delightful gusto. Let one specimen suffice of this section of a book, little known or likely to be known to the rising generation:—"I now wish," he says, "to add about a page, and, as like other people, I suppose, I can write more easily about what is freshest in my mind, I will give you, dear reader, an account of a dinner I have ordered this very day at Lovegreve's, at Blackwall, where if you never dined, so much the worse for you. This account will serve as an illustration of my doctrine on dinner-giving better than a long abstract discourse. The party will consist of seven men beside myself, and every guest is asked for some reason—upon which good fellowship mainly depends; for people brought together unconnectedly, had, in my opinion, better be kept separate. Eight I hold to be the golden number, never to be exceeded without weakening the efficacy of concentration. The dinner is to consist of turtle, followed by no other fish but white-bait, which is to be followed by no other meat but grouse, which are to be succeeded simply by apple fritters and jelly—pastry on such occasions being quite out of place. With the turtle, of course, there will be punch, with the white-bait, champagne, and with the grouse, claret; the two former I have ordered to be particularly well iced, and they will all be placed in succession upon the table, so that we can help ourselves as we please. I shall permit no other wines, unless, perchance, a bottle or two of port, if particularly wanted, as I hold variety of wines a great mistake. With respect to the adjuncts, I shall take care there is cayenne, with lemons cut in halves, not in quarters, within reach of everyone, for the turtle, and that brown bread and butter in abundance, is set upon the table for the white-bait. It is no trouble to think of these little matters beforehand, but they make a vast difference in convivial contentment. The dinner will be followed by ice, and a good dessert, after which coffee and one glass of liqueur each, and no more; so that the present may be enjoyed rationally without inducing retrospective regrets. If the master of a feast wishes his party to succeed, he must know how to command, and not let his guests run riot each according to his own wild fancy. Such, reader, is my idea of a dinner, of which, I hope, you approve; *and I cannot help thinking that if parliament were to grant me £10,000 a year, in trust, to entertain a series of worthy persons, it would promote trade and increase the revenue more than any hugger-mugger measure ever devised.*" Clearly the mantle of his father, the reformer, had not fallen on the worthy magistrate of Lambeth police-office.

It does jar a little, perhaps, upon the nerves of the reader of sensibility, when turning the page after such a passage as that just quoted, he comes upon a vigorous denunciation of a legal provision for pauperism, and of the impostures and worthlessness of paupers. Our own copy of *The Original* teems with such marginal notes as "hard-hearted brute!" the handiwork of a previous philanthropic and anti-Malthusian owner and commentator. Yet it was for the sake of the poor themselves, especially of the industrious and self-reliant poor, robbed and liable to be degraded by the professional and hereditary pauper, that Walker professed himself an enemy of the old system of indiscriminate poor-law relief. Nor was his own plan of dealing with the poor one at all consistent with a lazy indifference on the part of the rich. On the contrary, his notion of local self-government, including the management of the poor, was based on the active exertion of many more persons than then troubled themselves, or in truth now trouble themselves, about the administration of local affairs. To divide the kingdom into comparatively small districts, with a sufficient number of local managers in each instead of the old or present system of parishes, often huge and unwieldly, when the guardians or other local officials cannot possibly overtake or feel a personal or local interest in the business of the district, was Walker's recommendation. Oddly enough, a view very like this was urged with great emphasis, not many weeks ago, in the House of Commons, by a representative of one of the largest metropolitan constituencies. At the same time, Walker suggested that to allure the able and ambitious to participate in local affairs, a much wider authority should be given the local functionaries than they possessed in his time or possess at present, when it was and is only some fraction of local administration that is committed to any one body of men. With more manageable areas of local administration, and greater authority assigned to the local functionaries, Walker urged that the best class of men would be attracted to the conduct of local affairs. He even suggested that proved local usefulness might form a better stepping-stone than any other to a parliamentary life, and that "then might representation be the extraction of the choicest of the land." The worthy magistrate does not forget among the attractions to be held out, entertainments to the local authorities of the future at the public expense, but "in refined moderation and with simple refreshments, *particularly with suppers, to induce occasional inspection of the parish at uncertain hours of the night—a regulation I know to be of the greatest efficacy.*"

The Original had gone on successfully for more than six months, when its editor, proprietor, and solitary contributor, announced, in the number for the 2nd of December, 1835, his intention of suspending it "till the first Wednesday in March." "London living and authorship," he informed his readers in his usual trustful way, "do not go on well together. My writings," he added, "have latterly drawn upon me more numerous and cordial invitations than usual, which is a gratifying sign of approbation, but of somewhat ruinous consequences. Conviviality, though without what is ordinarily called excess, during the greater part of the week, and hard fagging during the remainder, with a sacrifice of exercise and sleep, must tell; and if I was to go on without intermission I must make myself a slave, with at the same time great danger of falling off." No other number of *The Original* appeared.

Before the 2nd of March fixed for the resumption of his periodical, Walker was in his grave. He died suddenly of pulmonary apoplexy at Brussels on the 20th of January, 1836, at the age of fifty-two or so. For some days before his death he had as usual, when absent from home on a holiday, been visiting gaols and houses of detention to increase his knowledge of prison discipline, respecting which, characteristically, he held the penal and deterrent rather than the reformatory view.

There are works of far higher didactic pretensions and fame than *The Original*, which are much inferior to it in wisdom, and it is no small praise to say of it that its contents do not belie its title.

BOWLING.

BROUGHTON v. CHEETHAM HILL.

"MASTER," says the servant to the old shepherd in *The Winter's Tale*, "there is three carters, three shepherds, three neatherds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers; and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind (if it be not too rough for some that know little but *bowling*) it will please plentifully." "Away!" says the shepherd; "here has been too much humble foolery already." It seems, therefore, that in the days of Shakespere, as even now, the game of bowls was a resource of those who were incapacitated by age, inclination, or other causes, from taking part in more active sports, and in the rough-and-tumble pastimes which were then in vogue. Compared with cricket, football, and even quoits, bowling is to these something akin to what angling is to hunting and shooting—a gentle craft. Any man in ordinary health and of almost any age, can play bowls after a fashion, and is all the better for it. It is a game attended with little expense; and a sound pair of bowls, such as Mr. Royle can turn out, will last a hundred years in constant use, which is about as long as the most ardent bowler is likely to require them. In fact, it has often been a mystery to us what on earth becomes of all the old bowls. Occasionally, at out-of-the-way places, we come across "woods" which look as if they had been made in primeval times. We should like to know who has got possession of the bowls with which Sir Francis Drake and the Admirals were playing when the Spanish Armada hove in sight.

The fourth annual match between the bowlers of the Broughton and Cheetham Hill Cricket and Bowling Clubs was played on Thursday, last week, and on Wednesday last. The first match was played on the Broughton Green, and the return match at Cheetham Hill. For the three previous years Broughton has always been victorious; but nothing daunted, and flushed with their victories at cricket, the Cheetham Hill bowlers determined to have another tussle with their old opponents, and a home-and-home match was arranged accordingly. Last year the clubs played twelve men each, making six double and twelve single-handed games. Broughton then won by fifty-two points on their own ground, all of which in the return match Cheetham Hill wiped off, except fourteen. This was coming very close. This year the clubs increased the number of their players to sixteen on each side, but notwithstanding this the Broughton bowlers, on their own ground, only defeated their opponents by twenty-one points, which was a great falling off from the previous year, and gave the Cheetham Hillers renewed confidence that victory was at last within their grasp, and that, when they got their antagonists on their own ground at Crumpsall, they would speedily wipe off the twenty-one points, and leave a handsome surplus besides. The ground at Broughton was in good order, considering the heavy rains which had previously fallen. It was, however, heavy and sodden, and many of the peculiarities and inequalities of the ground being thus removed, the Cheetham Hill players met their opponents under more favourable circumstances to themselves than they had previously done. There was nothing to do but to bowl nearly straight and get the distance. This many of the Broughton players completely failed to do, and, with a few notable exceptions, played a stupid, funking game throughout. Of course the best player may come to grief sometimes, and we have seen excellent bowlers become unaccountably nervous, and lose all power over their muscles. In such cases the bowler generally plays short, time after time, until determined to be far enough he sends his bowl yards beyond the jack.

In former articles, we have fully described the singular habits and characteristics of bowlers during the progress of the game; the twisting and contortions and remarkable attitudinizing of the players; the bragging and boasting of some; the despondency, the noise, the silence, the nagging, the carelessness, and the keenness of others. In ordinary games, a sort of lazy, perfunctory, leisurely ease is the chief characteristic, accompanied by a good deal of swagger and declaration of destructive intentions towards your opponent. But in a club match all this disappears, and, previous to play commencing, self-depreciation is the order of the day. No sooner are the various ties drawn, then all the swagger and boasting disappear as rapidly as Bob Acre's courage oozed out at the palms of his hands. "By George," says a Cheetham Hill player, "if I am not drawn against Stunner, of Broughton, the best player they have got." "Not a bit of it," exclaims another Hill man, "Mac Stingo is their champion, and I've got him. Just my luck." "They tell me," says a third, "that my man is their best." In fact, it appears that of all the players every man is the best. "I'm done for, any way," says a Broughtonian, "I'm thrown against Bradshaw, the Cheetham Hill crack." "Confound it," says another, "I am against Johnson; I'd sooner have played against any of them." It was quite amusing to see fat and middle-aged men labouring at the game as if their very souls depended upon the result. How red their faces became, and how they did mop their heads and dab their cheeks and foreheads with their handkerchiefs! Talk of Turkish baths! Why a good match at bowls brings out more internal fat, and is worth all the Turkish baths or any course of hygienic treatment whatever.

Some of the Broughton players appeared to be deficient in *naus* and presence of mind, and when they got the jack, did not know what to do with it. The consequence was, that when they encountered an experienced and *downy* bowler, like Bradshaw, they were outwitted and overplayed. They might also take a lesson from such an enthusiast as Farquhar, who plays as if his life depended on the game. A good and keen player is Farquhar, and will measure you to the 100th part of an inch. He appears, however, to have a taste for forest scenery, and has a bad habit of standing among the "woods," to the confusion of his opponent.

The return match was to have been played on Wednesday last, and the Broughton sixteen were on the ground at Crumpsall at the appointed hour, with the "light of battle on their faces," and eager for the fray. Their opponents did not muster in nearly such force. Unfortunately rain fell heavily during the afternoon, and after waiting patiently for several hours, the game was abandoned.

MONTGOMERY ON THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

IS it to be Walter Montgomery or Commodore Nutt? This is not as you might at first suppose an advertisement, the answer to which will appear in one of our subsequent impressions; but it is a question which we asked ourselves as we strolled down Peter-street on Saturday evening last. After dinner sit awhile and take your nuts, said one good fairy. After dinner go to the prophet or high priest of the legitimate drama, said the other good fairy: refresh your soul in beakers of Montgomery, as of a new wine; and if you don't like to drink it, leave it or wash your face in it, for it will do you good. We stood before the Free Trade Hall dubiously. The multitude were clearly bound for Nutt. Should we then follow the multitude, with the proverbial result? Should we follow Nutt, and leave him of Honolulu forsaken—the Sandwich chieftain of a regenerated drama?

Besides, the announcements in the daily papers had said, "Walter Montgomery shortly,"—an intimation that we should have him as shortly as possible, which, to those who objected to Walter Montgomery at any length, was a very welcome promise. Please remember, that all the week the advertisement columns of the newspapers had stimulated us towards the Montgomery evening. In one newspaper there were four advertisements following each other. No. 1, "Walter Montgomery shortly." No. 2, "Walter Montgomery in the Sandwich Islands"—leaving us to believe that if we were to have him shortly, his journey from the Sandwich Islands would be made upon the back of a roc, like the one with which Sinbad was connected. Nothing excited us, however, so much as the following:—

You, Walter Montgomery, Steam, and the Ocean Telegraph, are teaching and spreading that grand language which bids fair to become the one that will be used in

the "Parliament of Man," "the Federation of the World."—Extract from an Address to Walter Montgomery from the American, British, Foreign, and native residents of Honolulu, on May 19, 1870.

We knew that this eminent man had returned to the habitable globe, as he himself declared, after making a tour of the Universe; and we are pleased that he had selected Honolulu, a place on this earth, for the production of his testimonials, in preference to any of the other planets he might have visited. There is a shameful omission in the extract from the native and other residents of Honolulu to Mr. Montgomery, as all mention of George Francis Train is omitted therein. The paragraph ought to have run "You, Walter Montgomery, Steam, the Ocean Telegraph, the Glenfield Patent Starch, and George Francis Train, are teaching and spreading, &c., &c." Mr. Train would have resented the omission. had he been at Honolulu, by wringing the nose of the native resident who penned the address, unless, as is most probable, there was a ring in the gentleman's nose already; and, as the telegraph announced last week the arrival of Mr. Train in England, we would advise Mr. Walter Montgomery to look out. But the dropping advertisements of the earlier portion of the week were as nothing compared to the great display of fireworks on Saturday, when nineteen advertisements appeared one after the other, of which we copy a few:—

WALTER MONTGOMERY'S
ROYAL RECITALS TO-NIGHT.

What is meant by royal recitals we don't know, unless it is that the lines of Shakspere, after being recited before a prince of the blood royal, become thenceforth royal recitals, which is of course a great compliment to the bard of Avon. Then we go on

WALTER MONTGOMERY'S
REPUBLICAN RECITALS TO-NIGHT.

Very fairly balanced you see—after Royalist, Republican; but why Republican? Would Shakespere or Hood stand sponsor for these?

Walter Montgomery's Colonial Recitals to-night.
Walter Montgomery's Re-appearance to-night.
Walter Montgomery's Farewell to-night.
Walter Montgomery's Reminiscences to-night.
Walter Montgomery's Travels to-night.
Walter Montgomery's Shakesperean Selections to-night.
Walter Montgomery's "Bridge of Sighs" to-night (not Hood's).
Walter Montgomery's "Bells" to-night (not Poe's).
Walter Montgomery's "Charge" 6d., 1s., and 2s. (not Tennyson's).
Walter Montgomery's "Choral Union" to-night (not Yarwood's),

and so on; lots of Honolulu spreading, you perceive, and all of it showing such a deep love for the legitimate drama and for the example of the legitimate dramatists, in whose footsteps Mr. Montgomery professes to tread.

Going no farther back than Macready or Phelps, we wonder what they would have to say to Barnumisms of this kind. In his speech at the end of his entertainment on Saturday, Mr. Montgomery said that America was henceforth the home of the legitimate drama. Nothing could more strongly express Mr. Montgomery's deep conviction of that fact than the advertisements he has inserted in our newspapers. We remember his first appearance at the Theatre Royal—how many years ago we care not to avow. He was young then, and unknown; he had a fresh, fair face, and an honest refinement of elocution which rapidly made him a favourite everywhere. We venture to think that, at that period, he would have sacrificed his right hand sooner than have permitted such advertisements to have been associated with his name. How can squibby rip-raps of newspaper puff, which are germane enough to Jolly Nash or the Inimitable Vance, or even to Frederick the great Maccabe, be appropriate to the man who aspires to assign a home to the legitimate drama, and to denounce the old world as inferentially and dramatically damned?

It was scarcely surprising that all this sensational rub-a-dub-dubbing did not bring a good house. The Honolulu recommendation fell flat. If Mr. Walter Montgomery had announced himself as about to appear in the costume fashionable at the period when wild in woods the noble savage ran, with sufficient fig leaves to save appearances, and neatly tattooed as to the rest of his system, and further announced that he would, between the parts, fling away sandwiches (tongue and ham) into the body of the hall, then he would have had a good house and the legitimist would have had his reward. But the sparse attendance on Saturday only shows that this blessed Old England of ours is being eternally chawed up, and that in future Mr. Walter Montgomery will confine himself exclusively to the boundless prairies and the unsophisticated Choctaws.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

SCRUPULOUS SOUTHPORT.

THE ordinary tedium of that land of Nod, the sandy city of Southport, is, it would seem, still further to be augmented by a recent decision of the magistrates not to grant a licence for theatrical performances to the Town Hall. It was to be hoped that the liberal *régime* of the present mayor would have been signalized by a less illiberal proceeding, but Southport suffered so much from ancient narrowness that amelioration cannot come all at once. In the days of the shopkeeping mayor there was an attempt to suppress all amusements whatever, except the very questionable one of shopping, which, to the heads of families, could scarcely be looked upon as amusement at all. Even Punch and Judy was attacked, fortunately in vain—so that the little sandhills can still rejoice and clap their hands at the triumph of Toby, the dog, over the cruel husband who speaks so abominably through his nose. Had Punch and Judy been replaced by Judy and Boothroyd, wailing and lamentation would have prevailed throughout Shrimpdom. If the magistrates be most of them shareholders in the Pier Company we cannot wonder at their decision, for, minus some rational amusement in Southport itself, the visitors are driven to ride up and down the pier in the hopes of catching sight of the sea, or better still for their souls and their bodies, to go into public-houses and drink the chemical compositions which are there dispensed. In this, as in other cases, the best companion to the kirk and the conventicle is the liquor shop, and the saints do all they can to perpetuate the partizanship.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

The itinerating company system, which has now partially superseded the old single star system, appears to flourish. New bands of actors are formed yearly to invade the country, some composed of the regular company of a London theatre, others brought together for the express purpose of presenting the works of some particular author, a Boucicault, a Robertson, or an Albery. In the latter category we are threatened with a Sir Charles L. Young company, which will play *Charms* and *Shadows*, and, a company with Mr. J. Clarke as a prominent member, to perform *Ours* and *Society*; and doubtless ere long we shall have a Theyre Smith company, a Falconer company, a Tom Taylor historical company, and an Andrew Halliday adaptation of Scott's novels company. Two or three touring parties from the London theatres, including Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Lionel Brough, from the St. James's Theatre, are preparing for country campaigns. It is the old wandering player over again, in another and, we suppose, more respectable form. But it doesn't do any good for the drama. The Prince's Theatre revival this year is to be *The Merchant of Venice*, and a London paper states, we know not with what truth, that Mr. Charles Calvert has bought out what it terms "the capitalists," and will take the entire pecuniary responsibility of the enterprise upon his own shoulders. We know for a fact that he has spent his summer holiday in Venice, and the revival will doubtless embody some interesting results of his visit. Previous to this production, however, the Court Theatre company will appear for a month, with *Randall's Thumb* and *The Palace of Truth*.

LEGAL MEANDERING.

We have recently had abundant evidence of the tendency of lawyers to meander and make broad their phylacteries. In the Tichborne case we saw that, whilst the theory of the bar is the very chivalrous one that Long Robe never deserts his client, the practice was that Long Robe cut and ran the moment his own profit and convenience suggested that process. Tichborne they would be sure of next November. Meanwhile, the large sums paid with their briefs has been bagged, while the refreshers would be safe whether taken now or after the vacation. Two of the learned gentlemen have been working as leaders in great cases last week, and one of these will soon have to go circuit, whilst all will be holidaying afterwards. Tichborne (claimant) must wait their

convenience, and so must all the people on the other side. Mr. Hawkins nearly got rattened by his brethren for having the decency to wish to go on—a decency which was not acceptable to the pure conceptions of duty entertained by Serjeant Ballantine. If the bar can get people to stand this kind of thing, so much the luckier the bar—only let us hear less of honour, self-sacrifice, lofty feeling, and all the rest of the bunkum which intelligent people know how to estimate at its proper value. This week Mr. Tyrwhitt, the London police magistrate, retired, and in consequence was set upon by the officials of his court and complimented to death in the stereotyped fashion as to his invariable courtesy and the fairness and impartiality, &c. First, Mr. Sayer from the office of somebody else—somebody else not being there—had an innings, to whom Mr. Tyrwhitt mentioned that if he had ever given pain to anyone—as no doubt he often had, particularly to the prisoners and their friends, if not their advocates—he begged to be forgiven. We know the style and enjoy it on the left-hand side. After Mr. Sayer,' from the office of somebody else, the police officers went in; and Mr. Tyrwhitt, remembering the recent Greenwich trial, expressed his profound admiration for that body. After which the officers of the court tendered their incense, and so the palaver terminated. We don't know much about Mr. Tyrwhitt, either for or against him. All we know is that considering the same solemnity is gone through every time any legal gentlemen retires, and that there is no variation in the tone and style, we must now begin to regard it as a species of burial service which will do for the just as well as for the unjust. All that is wanted on such occasions is that an able-bodied prisoner, serving out his three months for licking his wife, should be brought up, short-haired and in convict costume, to "assist" at a ceremony, the sincerity of which must carry conviction to a convict and consolation to a Prison Humourist.

ASPHALTE AS A PAVEMENT.

Several correspondents of the newspapers have lately been inquiring why we have not some of our streets paved with asphalte, like Cheapside in London. Each suggests that his particular street should be so paved. As to the comparative noiselessness of asphalte there can be no question; but the matter must not be considered in the selfish spirit of these newspaper grumblers. The pavement of a roadway is intended for the traffic of that roadway, not for the convenience of those whose offices are on its footpaths, and the proper question is, what is the best for that traffic. We have heard London drivers complain bitterly of the new asphalte pavement which so much delights the passenger on foot. This may be simply the unreasoning Conservatism of the driving nature, or it may be a well-founded grievance. Certainly the justice of the complaint should be inquired into before the pavement is generally adopted. The question is, not what is the pleasantest to neighbouring residents, but what is the best for the horses.

A POLICE-COURT REASON.

It has been held from time immemorial to be good policy on the part of a judge to give no reasons for his decisions. Mr. Bremner in a recent case appears not to have borne in mind that prudent consideration. An omnibus driver was charged with furious driving, and was fined £1, with the option of fourteen days' imprisonment, and there was an end of the case. A little later, Mr. Murray came upon the bench, accompanied by Mr. Batty, a member of the City Council. Mr. Murray entered into conversation with Mr. Bremner, and the driver was recalled. Mr. Batty said he had heard an account of this case, and he knew the prisoner, and he did not think it was a case for the interference of the police. Mr. Bremner said as Mr. Batty had come down specially to give the prisoner a good character he would reduce the fine to 10s. and costs. Here is joyful news for the offenders who appear before the Bridge Street bench. Only let them bring down Mr. Batty, specially, and they will be let off for half the penalty. We would suggest, however, that on the next occasion Mr. Batty should come down in time, instead of after his defendant has been sentenced and disposed of.

BETTING AND QUACK DOCTORS' ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Betting Bill has passed the House of Lords. An opposition is threatened in the House of Commons, where it now awaits a second reading, but the very determined support given to the measure by *The Times*, *The Field*, *The Globe*, and *The Pall Mall Gazette* is a fair augury of its success. The object of the bill, as we have before stated, is to extend laws already in force in England to Scotland and Ireland; to stop the vicious practices of certain turf commission agents; and to prohibit the publication of certain kinds of betting advertisements. How any newspaper calling itself respectable could ever lend its columns (for a pecuniary consideration) to a purpose so obviously injurious and fraudulent is a mystery of journalism which it is impossible to explain or justify. It will have been observed that the Manchester daily papers, which for many months did not hesitate to accept these nefarious advertisements, have excluded them from their columns since the advent of the Betting Bill. Two of these papers, the *Examiner* and the *Courier*, still continue, we regret to say, to admit the equally injurious and more offensive advertisements of quack doctors and medical charlatans; and the *Courier* not unfrequently set alls consistency at defiance by publishing in its correspondence column letters condemnatory of quack medical circulars, and printing in the very same issue, and often on the very same page, half a score paid addresses and announcements of the authors and circulators of these disgraceful productions. We hope Parliament next session will forcibly purify the press in this direction also. The *Manchester Guardian* banished quack advertisements from its columns four or five years ago; the *Evening News* has never admitted them; and the *City News* abandoned the obnoxious practice early in the present year.

ONE DAY IN BLACKPOOL.

"TO Blackpool, the Brighton of the north." Such were the attractive words that we met with, in conning the advertisements of the various railway companies in the newspapers, and emboldened by the success of our esteemed correspondent, Mr. Tripper, in his expedition to Southport, we resolved to make a similar journey to Blackpool, returning the same day—2s. 6d. Twice forty-nine, ninety-eight miles; say 100 for the sake of the "round numbers," for half-a-crown—three miles, like three sticks, a penny. Positively, if the fares get much further reduced, the pay will come from the other side; the companies will be giving us something to go, and it will be cheaper to travel than to stop at home!

Having provided ourselves with tickets we waited for the train, which drew up punctually to the platform. Some of the carriages with their contents had come from Oldham, others from Ashton and thereabouts, and a few were reserved empty for passengers by the way. We secured a seat among pleasant company in the latter half of the train. After several stoppages we arrived at Bolton, and took up more passengers. The Boltoners, indeed, appear to be a nomadic people. We were never at that dingy old timber and whitewash shed without exchanging one lot of travellers for another, and however good the advice to "waken and see Bolton" may be, the Boltoners apply it to other places than their native town, and travel accordingly. Wherefore a new and clean station has just been built for them, and it is probable that they will travel still more. One doesn't see much of Bolton from the train, except the underground portion, from which it appears to be a benighted place. We soon get, however, to the open country, to Rivington Pike, and the level expanse of Horwich at its foot, soon to smoking Chorley, by pleasant Leyland, and across the wide Ribble to proud Preston. Whatever Preston may have to be proud of—it is not its railway station, but we don't stay long in it, for we are soon under way, and Fishergate and Preston, with its tall chimneys and taller spires, are left behind. At Poulton another train was hooked on to us, all third class, and no two carriages alike. Variety had evidently presided at their birth. Soon afterwards we glided up to the outside platform reserved for excursionists at Blackpool, after a journey of only ten minutes longer than that of the ordinary train.

But getting on to the platform and getting off it, except among the carriage wheels, were two different things. The late occupants of our train, and of two or three others that had immediately preceded it, nearly filled it, and the friends of the new arrivals come to meet them made circulation all but impossible. It was necessary to push our way through to get into the street, and there was a continuous stream of people along both sides of Talbot Road, all the way to the square of that ilk. Talbot Road has been very much improved within the last three or four years. The unsightly gaps have been filled up with good houses and shops, and

the ramshackle old wooden sheds replaced by handsome buildings. Looking down this human avenue we saw before us the many-twinkling smile of ocean. The tide, not only of busy human life, but also of the sea, was at the full. There was a light air just sufficient to cause a ripple in the sunlight, and the sea, looked at from the road, seemed to rise like a brilliant wall before us. Ocean, thou mighty monster, likewise roll on thou dark and deep, &c., as well as many another like saying, would, no doubt, have occurred to us if we had been alone, but we wern't; very much the contrary, indeed. The promenade, as far as the eye could reach, was one long crowd. The pier was black with piers and pieresses, and the roadway was occupied by the open chariot of the period, charged with various solid masses of the genus excursionist. The Manchester variety, numerous as it had looked at the station, was lost in the countless throng. Halifax had sent, in one despatch, "five hundred good as he;" and there was, in short, a general gathering of the clan tripper.

There used to be a saying at Blackpool, that "the trippers were caught by the wind as soon as they had turned the Clifton Arms corner, carried out to low-water and to South Shore, and were never again heard of." No doubt, the shore, the cliffs, and the streets inland have great powers of absorption; but, the excursionist, this time, had it all his own way. He floated on the surface everywhere, buoyant and irrepressible. For him, the stick-merchant displayed his choicest wares,—the photographer his unequalled and scowlingest portraits,—and the Ethiopian changed his skin (as became a musical man and a brother from Afric's sunny strand) and rolled his eyes and trolled his lays as if he was by the Niger instead of at Blackpool. But the excursionist is wary, and though he may spend his money with, in some cases, not the best judgment in the world, he does not give voluntarily. He prefers to have something for his money. He certainly raised the flyman's fares. One of these wanted eighteenpence to take three passengers less than a quarter of a mile, and smilingly declined the proffered shilling, adding, "you'll find no shilling fares to-day," which we subsequently found to be correct

On we went, as well as our fellow visitors would allow, to South Shore. A few more houses built, and the continuation thither of the widened and improved promenade have taken away that desolate and forlorn look which South Shore used to have, but it still vaunts itself as a place of elegant retirement. Those fond of the noise and bustle of hotel life look at it from a distance, and condemn it as dreary and slow, while the resident or sojourner there returns the compliment with a double measure of scorn. The excursionist affects it not. He rarely gets beyond the Wellington or the Manchester Arms, but some of the best of the Blackpool visitors prefer to go there. There is no inn to speak of, and lodgings (or "private apartments," as the snob calls them,) and furnished houses are the rule. South Shore is certainly more adapted for families with young children than the crowded central or old Blackpool, and the shore is better for bathing. There is a station on the Lytham line close at hand, and there also is a church there which used to labour under some suspicion of orthodoxy. But that is all changed now; *Hymns Ancient and Modern* have been brushed out, and under the auspices of a fresh parson, a weak and vague Calvinism and the black gown, reign—we were going to say—once more, but it is really since 1850 at all events, for the first time. We did'nt get as far as the Star, the Ultima Thule, the extreme southern point of Blackpool, for we met with friends, with whom we refreshed our countenance and our inner and outer man, and their hospitality and welcome rest sent us once more on the move.

But it was a Saturday that we were spending by these yellow sands, and on that day there arrives a special train freighted with a most precious and desired cargo—the husbands, brothers, and lovers of the fair toilers of the sea, who have been left disconsolate since the departure of the 8-20 train of the preceding Monday or Tuesday, as the case may be. The British matron brings her scarcely-to-be-controlled lads with sea-and-sun-burnt cheeks to see the "governor," or her girls, like the Trojan ladies, *crinibus passis*, but with happier reason. Ethel and Milly come to see what their brother George or Reginald has to say about them, and hope he is unaccompanied this time by that tiresome Fred. Juliet comes to see Arthur or "Harry, dear," by whom she is borne off, not unwillingly, in triumph and a fly. Long before the arrival of the train, the arrival platform has become the ground of a mutual admiration society. The girls have come to see, and, as we have heard it insinuated, to be seen also; and the youths, the proprietors of the shortest-skirted of coats, and of the Lilliputian-est walking sticks, wander, not unseen, until their noses are put out of joint by the arrival of the noon express. The staff at the Blackpool station appears to consist of one porter. He is civil, flustered, stout; wears, appropriately to the scene, sandy hair, and has almost realized the impossibility that was alleged of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, the faculty of being in two places at once. What duties he doesn't do are discharged by the public and the engine-driver. The train at length arrived, after Juliet had worried herself through an eternity of two minutes. Paterfamilias pocketed the *Saturday* and permitted himself to be taken forcible possession of, the luggage was scrambled for, cars were driven dexterously over the flags, and Manchester was an affair of the past.

We hadn't been on the pier yet, so we went down Talbot Road again—that very funny street, either shops or lodging-houses. Down South Shore way these houses seemed to be doing well; it was almost an affair of "no cards" in the windows. But it was different in this road, and, singularly enough, to every card there was a damsel or two, sometimes three or four, seated at the window, either to see the passers-by or to show the possible lodging-hunter of what respectable and good-looking people the household consisted. The pier was, compared with the morning, deserted; the tripper had had his pennyworth, and was off to the sands, or on—frequently off—the wild horse of the Blackpool prairies. Since the morning a stiff breeze had sprung up, which made a walk on the pier a question of the continued proprietorship of our hat. So we adjourned for a refresher to the Clifton. There was Blackburn occupying the porch, Manchester in the person of the charming manageress in the hall, Manchester in the bar, and Manchester again entering as we left. A drive down to South Shore again, and an early cup of tea occupied the time till the clock struck the hour for returning. Blackpool wept at our departing, and so did several small children in our carriage, but we soon got into a more favoured climate, and reached Manchester in good time in the evening.

We remember Blackpool since the days of "Cuddie Nickson," and when "Lawrence" managed the dining-room at the Old Lane Ends, but we never saw one quarter of the people that we saw there the other day, nor had a more agreeable excurison. We spent a pleasant day, and "returning the same day, 2s. 6d."

BOATING.

THE AGECROFT REGATTA.

BEFORE being able to watch the boating it was of course necessary as a preliminary to discover the whereabouts of the Agecroft Boat House, a point which was utterly beyond our knowledge when we left Market Street by a Pendleton 'bus last Saturday afternoon. Our geographical confusion was not materially cleared up when, after long travel Pendleton-wards, we were cheerfully informed by the guard that, to the best of his belief, the nearest way to the Regatta was back again to Market Street. Fortunately the combined exertions of an intelligent checker and a fellow-passenger prevented a rash return movement. Ultimately Whit Lane was pointed out, with the gratuitous instruction that the only thing necessary was to go straight ahead till the river was reached. Following this direction, and passing through a rather squalid neighbourhood for something like a mile, we at last sighted the river, to find that, though murky and dirty enough, its waters were decidedly cleaner than after reaching Cornbrook.

The course for the boat-racing was about a mile in length, beginning about that distance above and finishing a little below the Boat House and just above the weir. A gusty wind blowing across the river made the water lumpy and difficult on the Broughton side. *Caeteris paribus*, the boat on the Pendleton or Boat House side of the river would have had a great advantage from the smoothness which resulted from the protecting bank. But a violent bend some three or four hundred yards up the river, gives a considerable benefit to the boat on the side nearer the bend. Thus it happened that the coxswains all appeared to prefer to take what advantage they could from the turn, and hugged the shore as closely as safety would permit.

The Agecroft Regatta is, in one important matter, widely different

from that of the Nemesis Club, which we lately described. It is "open," that is, any amateur boating club is at liberty to take part in the contest. Instead, therefore, of the members of the Agecroft having only to beat their fellow members, with whose prowess and ability they are probably quite well acquainted, there is the additional excitement of meeting the members of other clubs. This, certainly, tests much better the powers of any particular oarsman or crew. For instance, in the first heat of the first race on last Saturday's programme, described as the Novice Sculler's Race, three different rowing clubs (all, it is true, local clubs), sent representatives—the Didsbury, the Broughton, and the Prince of Wales. Mr. Albrecht, the representative of Didsbury, won with something like ease. In the second heat of this same race, two members of the Broughton club met each other, and Mr. Brooks, a young gentleman with an abundance of light hair, inflicted signal defeat on a taller but less skilful sculler. Then followed the opening course of the principal event of the day, described as "the senior four-oared race for a prize value £20." The first competitors were a four of the Prince of Wales' Club, with Mr. G. D. Dunbar as stroke, and a crew of the Agecroft, with Mr. Lythgoe in that capacity, the latter on the Broughton side of the river, thereby gaining the best of the turn. Mr. Dunbar lost ground at the commencement of the race; indeed lost too much to recover again, for though his crew gained considerably during the latter part of the race, they never quite pulled up, and were beaten a boat's length. The second heat of this race was, for several reasons, one of the most interesting of the day, for it was distinguished by the appearance of a stranger crew, hailing from the Lune and Lancaster. The race itself was wonderfully close and exciting. The Broughton crew rowed in the celebrated boat, the Colleen Bawn, which belongs to the well-known professional oarsmen, the two Addys, who have a profound and unfailing belief in the old boat's qualities, and are never willing to admit that anything on the river can touch her. On this occasion she certainly acquitted herself well. On the first appearance of the boats round the turn the Broughton crew on the Boat House side seemed to lead. But when the Boat House was actually reached the Red Rose—a much longer boat than the Colleen—was very close. Thirty yards from home, the bows of the two boats were so locked together, that none could tell which was first or who would win. Just at the critical moment, when the staidest spectators were forgetting themselves and trying to decide the matter by aid of much incoherent shouting, dire misfortune overtook No. 3 in the Colleen. Either from catching a crab, over-excitement, or exhaustion, that unhappy rower lost control over his oar, and with it the race. The momentary check was enough to show the long narrow nose of the Lancaster boat in front, and to give the strangers a hard-earned victory. In the deciding heat of the Novice Scullers' race, our light-haired friend again came along with astonishing vigour, and won the prize apparently with no great difficulty, to judge by the infinite jollity of his appearance after the race, as he retired to a well-earned drink. Then the Lancaster men in the Red Rose, and the Agecroft crew in the Waterwitch, had to fight out the final struggle, for the Senior Four-oared Prize. The Lancaster men seemed to us to be suffering somewhat from the effects of the last race. They went up the river to the starting post in a jaded and weakly fashion, which gave but small hopes of their ultimate victory. In the race itself they rowed pluckily enough, and did their utmost to make a fight of it, but they were beaten very easily.

In the Junior Four-oared Race the Broughton Club beat the Agecroft, who were stroked by a distinguished amateur boxer, the third boat being nowhere. The Senior Scullers' race seemed to excite a good deal of local interest, Mr. Dunbar and Mr. Corbett being the competitors, Mr. Corbett rowing in a boat with sculls and outriggers of his own design. We cannot say that we liked the boat much. She seemed to dip and plunge too much at every stroke. Whether the difference in the boats had anything to do with the result we can't say, but it was beyond doubt that Mr. Dunbar won with great apparent comfort, after taking his opponent's water and thus exposing him to the wash in addition to the natural roughness produced by the wind. Mr. Dunbar is an exceptionally excellent sculler, with a graceful and free style, which tells of much practice and good teaching. In the last, the Junior Scullers' race, the Agecroft representative was again beaten, Mr. Landless, a good but sometimes unfortunate oarsman, winning.

After watching the races of last Saturday we were decidedly confirmed in the opinion that an open regatta is more interesting than one which is confined to the members of a small club. It would have been a considerable advantage, from a spectator's point of view, had it been possible to arrange the races with a turn, otherwise it is but little of the race that a spectator, confined to a hundred paces for observation, can see. Then the fact that the boats had to run over nine-tenths of the course before they reached the starting post made the intervals very long. These intervals on such occasions are always just a little tiresome. There was little for male spectators to do, except to make frequent visits to a refreshment tent, presided over by a lady with a delightfully original accent. Lady spectators, perforce, listened to the band, which was of the usual quality of volunteer bands. A properly nautical air was given to the proceedings by such musical selections as the Death of Nelson and Rule Britannia. The only other excitement was occasioned by the eccentric behaviour of some rather indelicate bathers, and the vain pursuit of the offenders by an active police officer. To our minds the only serious drawback to an otherwise perfectly successful meeting was the entire absence of the representatives of the Nemesis Club. The presence of some crews of the best known of the Manchester Rowing Clubs would have added considerably to the excitement of the day. A race between Messrs. Armistead and Dunbar—the two best amateur scullers in Manchester—would have been full of interest. This absence could not have been for lack of men, for the Nemesis members present as spectators were numerous and skilful enough to have formed an admirable crew. We heard various explanations of their non-appearance, all more or less unsatisfactory. Whatever the difficulty may have been, we heartily hope it will be somehow obviated before the next meeting at Agecroft.

THE WESLEYANS AND THEIR CONFERENCE.

THE Annual Meeting of the Convocation or Parliament of the Wesleyans is now being held again in Manchester, for the first time since 1849. Our city seems fated to be the scene of their councils in the stormy periods of their existence. In 1849 there broke out that remarkable quarrel called the fly-sheet controversy, which ended in a formidable secession, and now a question is to be mooted, discussed, and, if possible, settled, which seems to us to involve the question of the continued existence of Wesleyan Methodism as an independent body having distinguishing and characteristic discipline.

There is no doubt that there are hundreds of people who go on calling themselves by some particular designation, and have no title to it whatever. There are men who call themselves Radicals, and vote and even shout "Radical," whose every act and word, outside the mist of politics, betray a mental constitution of the deepest hue of Conservatism; there are Tories, all for "our Queen and our glorious constitution," but whose real opinions, if allowed fair and free play, would land them instanter among the Reds of the Commune, or whatever answers to it, if anything, in our own country. Similarly, we constantly meet with persons, well enough in their way, but not at all before the age or by any means better than other people, who persist in calling themselves Wesleyans, and appear or assume to be highly offended if, by a smile of incredulity, or a remark not directly admitting the assertion, you question the fact of the speaker's really being what he has described himself to be.

When John Wesley began to preach the wholesome and practical truths of religion, and to teach the necessity of a life and conversation consistent therewith, he established up and down the country, here and there, small associations or societies which were to meet in groups every week, or at other stated and convenient intervals, for the purpose of mutual instruction and advice. This was his way or method of promoting religious instruction. These small meetings are called class-meetings, and a society, if large, might have several classes, who all joined the cottage prayer-meeting, or listened to the lecture or sermon by the road side, or in any room that could be had, from either Wesley himself or any one whom after trial he considered com-

petent to expound the plain truths of Scripture. As the societies gained in the course of time a certain coherency and permanence, chapels were built for the accommodation of the members for the purposes of prayer and preaching. These religious services began to assume, in course of time, a certain regularity of observance, but John Wesley himself, though he began the services, on account of the gross neglect displayed by the regularly appointed ministers, the clergymen of the Church of England, for the welfare of the people committed to their charge, never would permit them to be held during the ordinary hours of divine service, and constantly and steadily resisted the importunities of his assistants to allow them to take upon themselves to celebrate the Divine mysteries. On the contrary, he always preferred to hold his services of worship aud counsel out of the (so-called) canonical hours, and absolutely forbade his ministers, chosen for gifts of prayer and reading, to attempt to interfere with the priestly office, stigmatizing them as mere sacrilegious Korahs, Dathans, and Abirams, who would attempt to assume, uncalled, the sacerdotal function. It is utterly in vain to contradict this. We can refer our readers to their own written and published works. Look at the Eucharistic manuals of John and Charles Wesley. Their authority is not only admitted by the *Methodist Recorder*, but it is treated as calumnious to insinuate that it has ever been denied. The really characteristic hymns of the Wesleys contain many passages asserting in the plainest language the doctrine of the real sacramental presence of the Saviour in the Eucharist, the doctrine which, above all others, distinguishes the Churchman from the sectarian; and the selections made by John Wesley himself from Thomas à-Kempis contain a passage which it is hard to reconcile with the off-hand assertions of the pseudo-Wesleyans of the period.

"O how great and honourable is the office of God's ministers, to whom it is given *with sacred words* to consecrate the Sacrament to the Lord of Glory, with their lips to bless, with their hands to hold, with their mouths to receive and also to administer to others. Assist with Thy grace, that they who have undertaken the office of the priesthood may serve Thee worthily and in all purity."

The same doctrine is conveyed in Wesley's hymns, though out of the hundred and sixty-eight pieces only eleven are retained in the modern hymn-book specifically as "for the Lord's Supper," and there are only about a dozen others that have found their way into the modern collection at all.

We are quite disposed to admit that the doctrine of a true Eucharist and of an Apostolical Succession of ministers may have no necessary connection. That is to say, it is conceivable that the Eucharist may be a sacrifice, and that *a* consecration may effect the Real Sacramental Presence, though *any* Christian might be the celebrant, as any Christian may administer the sacrament of the laver of regeneration. But if the judgments of old time were written for our example, and we are expected to profit by them, it would certainly seem that "the gainsaying of Korah" must be an impossible offence, unless there is a Christian priesthood, which no one may take upon himself without exposing himself to risk and peril.

As long as the original idea of Methodism existed, it was practically unassailable. Its action was to supplement the languishing influence of the Church or the idleness or neglect of its ministers. But since the necessity for this compensating influence ceased, as it has done, from the renewed vitality of the church, the *locus standi* of Wesleyanism is not now distinctly discernible. Its meetings, its classes, its congregational assemblies, have nevertheless gone on. Wesley is no more, and his companions and followers have assumed the status of an independent religious association, differing from other Nonconformist bodies in professing a theoretical attachment to membership of the Church of England, and maintaining the method or use of Wesley, the "class" system, which he was the first to originate, and which it is now suggested, outside the conference, should be abandoned altogether as a test of membership. For there have for years past been Wesleyans and Wesleyans—the old-steady followers and class members, and those who have merely attended "chapel" on Sundays, well-to-do men and their wives, who know no more of "class" than a Friend knows of confession. They and their wealth and influence are now turning the tide in favour of giving up the last shred of everything in Wesleyanism that is positively Wesleyan.

Relligio peperit divitias,
Et filia devoravit matrem.

Mr. Bunting, a lay leader of Wesleyanism, is ready to give it up, though the *Watchman* thinks prophetically that "the night cometh."

If the class should be given up we cannot see any platform for Wesleyanism in the future. The very theory of the Wesleyan societies was that they should consist of Churchmen desiring and striving to lead stricter lives than the ordinary run of nominal Christians, in what was deemed to be a godless generation; and if the proposed change should take place, it will amount to a confession the converse of the infallibility doctrine (not dogma) that they are not, have not been, any better than their neighbours. If the Wesleyans should now wish to strip themselves of the last rag of the churchmanship in which they once proudly decked themselves, it will be in vain for us to deplore the schismatical temper that spurs them on, or the deceived heart that has turned them aside; but they may even during this, possibly their last great conference, take a thought and mend, and if so there is yet room for them in the Church of England.

COMIC OPERA AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

THE sprightly entertainment which now occupies the boards of the Prince's Theatre, is an agreeable change after the usual routine of theatrical performances. Two slightly-constructed pieces, exacting no severe attention, enlivened with pretty music and played by half-a-dozen respectable actors, is a more pleasing entertainment than many of the more ambitious and laboured productions which are placed before us. We want more and more light and grace and gaiety to leaven our solid serious humour and our savage pantomimic fun. We are too much in earnest. Our tragedies are lengthy and lugubrious; our comedies, as a rule, are only comedies by courtesy, while, on the other hand, if we make up our minds to be ridiculous, we are so conscientiously ridiculous that the ordinary run of farces and little after-pieces which we get have the opposite effect to the one intended. Instead of pleasing the appetite with an illusion of unimpaired enjoyment, like the dainty light soufflet does after the solid viands, they are more calculated to remind us that we are only mortal, as only a plate of plum pudding can remind us, if we attempt it, at the end of the solemn roast beef repast. But of late years a more graceful and vivacious spirit has entered into our literature. We have developed an inexhaustible genius for writing novels; several quaint and clever little allegories and satires have been written lately, and read with pleasure and profit. The stage has been enriched by Mr. Gilbert's delightful *Palace of Truth*, a wonderful improvement upon the long succession of barbarous burlesques. We are at last learning the art of preparation, and awakening to the fact that our intellectual food may please the palate and be wholesome at the same time. The present performance at the Prince's Theatre inclines in this new direction of more light and elegance, and it may be listened to from beginning to end with pleasure and without weariness.

The comic opera entitled *Punchinello* is not a work which suggests strong language of any kind. The music is quietly and uniformly pretty, and the incidents are sometimes amusing if they are not very original. It seems to be a tradition of the lyric stage to consider the libretto as an utterly insignificant part of the entertainment. The insipidity of the words is not felt so much, because the attention is constantly attracted solely to the music. But why not in comic opera insist upon words humorous in themselves, as well as bright, happy, ludicrous music? The second piece at the Prince's is a much better specimen of what comic opera might be. *Box and Cox*, the classic farce of the stage, has been most ingeniously adapted for music by Mr. Burnand, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan has enlivened it with the loveliest little airs, the most exquisite harmonies, and the most marvellous descriptive passages.

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The Public is respectfully informed that COPIES of this Company's TOURIST PROGRAMME, replete with information as to routes, fares, facilities, and conditions, for all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, are now to be obtained at all the Booking Offices on the line.—By order.

Office of the Superintendent of the Line,
Victoria Station, Manchester, June, 1871.

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Every Saturday, Monday, and Thursday, commencing on June 10, and continuing until further notice:—

To BLACKPOOL (the Brighton of the North), SOUTHPORT (the Montpelier of England), FLEETWOOD, LYTHAM, and LIVERPOOL, from Manchester (Victoria Station), 7 15 a.m.; Miles Platting, 7 a.m.; Salford, 7 20 a.m.; Oldfield, Road, 7 23 a.m. Fares, returning same day, 2s 6d.; within eight days, 4s. 6d.

Every Monday and Saturday from June 10, from the same stations, and at the same times:—

To BELFAST, via Fleetwood (shortest route), DUBLIN, via Liverpool, available for 15 days, 9s.

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See bills for fuller particulars; also, for Excursions to the above-mentioned places, at proportionately cheap fares on the same days, from Oldham, Ashton, Rochdale, Bolton, Blackburn, and nearly all stations on the line.

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STATIONS.	Time.		Fares to London, King's Cross, and Back.	
	a.m. morn.	morn.	Cov. Car.	First Class.
MANCHESTER, London-rd. dp	—	10 10		
OLDHAM, Clegg-street	—	9 40		
STALYBRIDGE	—	9 55		
ASHTON, Park Parade	—	9 59		
Dukinfield	—	10 2		
Hayfield	8 40	—		
NEW MILLS	8 40	—	s.	s.
Marple	8 57	—	15	25
Hyde	—	10 12		
GUIDE BRIDGE	—	10 20		
STOCKPORT, Tiviot Dale	9 40	—		
Woodley	9 48	—		
Godley	—	10 30		
LONDON, King's Cross, ar. ab	4 0	5 25		

For particulars see Bills to be had at the Stations.

R. G. UNDERDOWN,
General Manager.

London Road Station,
Manchester, July, 1871

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIE RAILWAY.—CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO SCARBOROUGH, WHITBY, FILEY, BRIDLINGTON, and HARROGATE, by the new and direct route, via Barnsley. EVERY SATURDAY (commencing 22nd July) until Saturday, 23rd September inclusive, will run as under:—

STATIONS.	Time of Starting.	Fares to Scarboro' Whitby, Filey, and Bridlington and Back.	Fares to Harrogte and back
	a.m.	Cov. Car.	Cov. Car.
L'pool (Brnswick St.) dep.	10 15	11s.	8s. 6d.
Warrington ,,	10 56		
Manchester (M. S. & L.) ,,	12 0		
Stalybridge ,,	11 55		
Ashton (Park Parade) ,,	11 59		
Oldham (Clegg Street) ,,	11 30		
Guide Bridge ,,	12 10		
Stockport (Tiviot Dale) ,,	11 35	8s.	6s.
Woodley ,,	11 42		
New Mills ,,	11 44		
Marple ,,	11 27		
Newton ,,	11 49		
Godley ,,	11 54		
Mottram ,,	11 59		
Dinting ,,	12 4		

Returning on the 1st or 2nd Monday, from the date of Ticket, by trains leaving BRIDLINGTON at 1-0 p.m., FILEY at 1 30 p.m., WHITBY at 1 0 p.m., SCARBOROUGH at 2 50 p.m., and HARROGATE, *via* Church Fenton, at 4 20 p.m.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London Road Station, Manchester, July, 1871.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

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Every Friday and Saturday, until Saturday, October 28th, 1871, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN, by any of the Ordinay Trains, available for returning by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

Stations.	FARES. To Buxton.		To Matlock.		To Malvern.	
	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Manchester	6 0	4 6	9 6	7 0	24 0	18 3
Stockport (Tev. Dale)	5 0	3 6	8 6	6 0	22 0	16 0
Stalybridge } Guide Bridge }	5 0	3 6	9 0	6 6	23 6	17 6

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JAMES ALPORT,
General Manager.

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